

GOLD
KEY

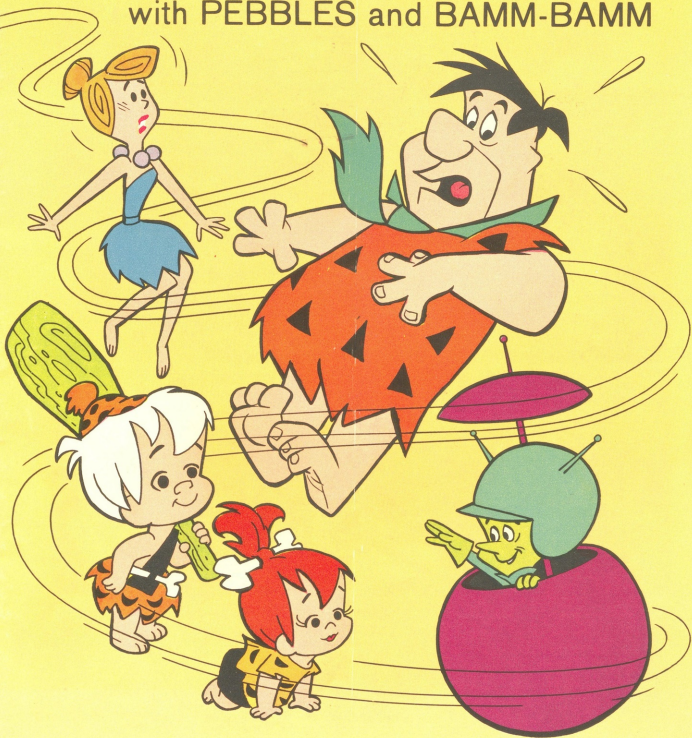
THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB



WITH A BLIP, BLAM, BLOO COMES THE GREAT GAZOO!

Hanna-Barbera

A Flintstone Funny

HEY, FRED! WHILE THE KIDS RIDE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LET'S GO ON THAT NEW RIDE.

WELL, OKAY, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, BARNEY!

THE WHIP 10¢



SEE?
WE'RE JUST
GOING AROUND
IN CIRCLES!
NOTHING
TO IT!



UH-OH! HANG ON...

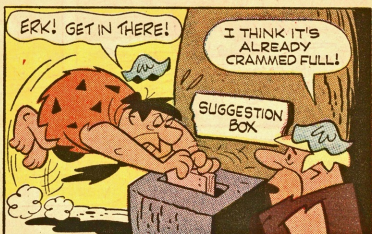
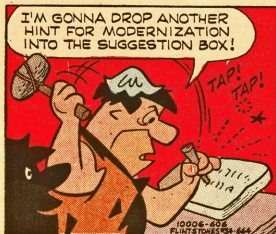
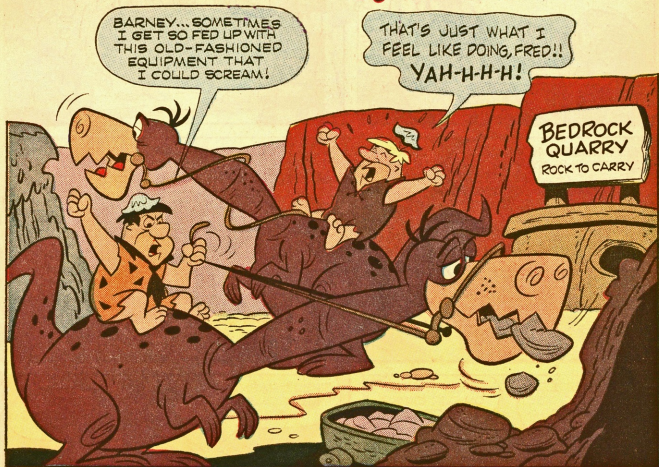


...HIS NECK
IS ABOUT TO
UNWIND!



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

THE GREAT GAZOO

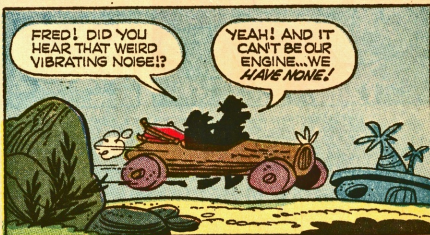
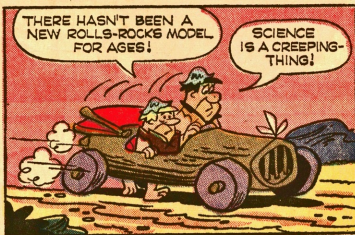
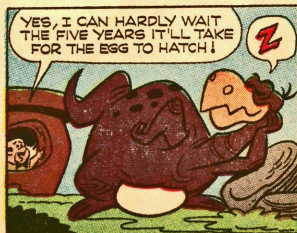
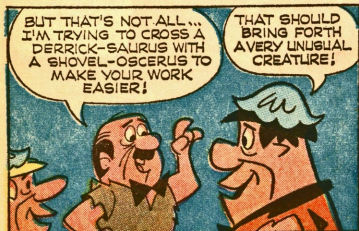


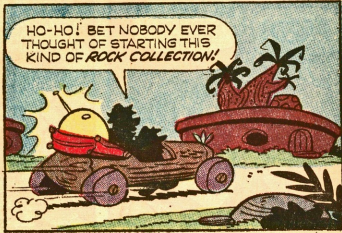
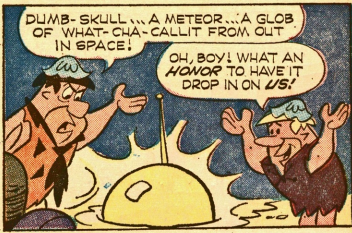
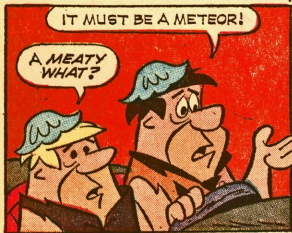
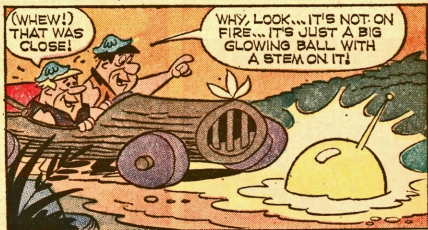
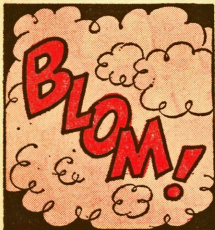
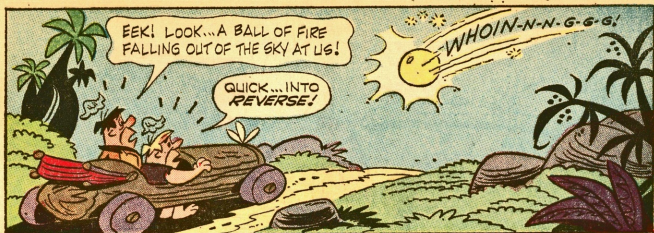
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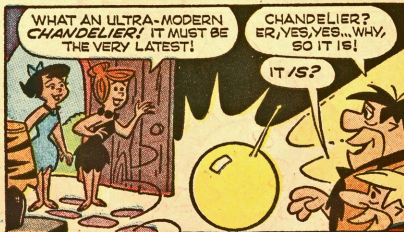
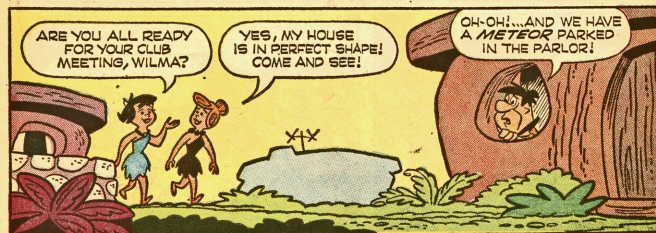
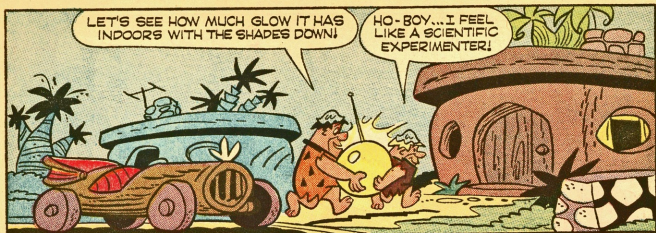
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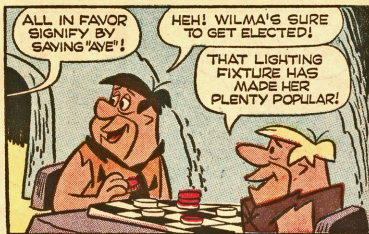
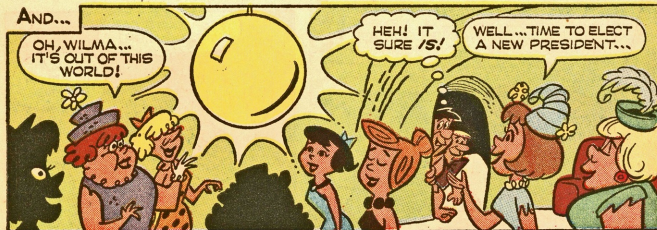
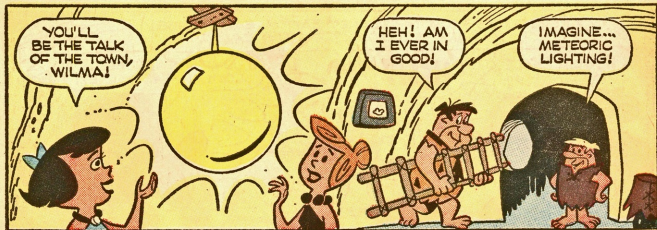


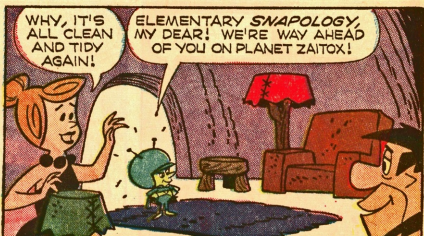
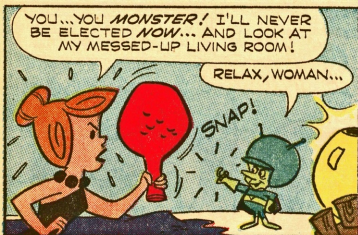
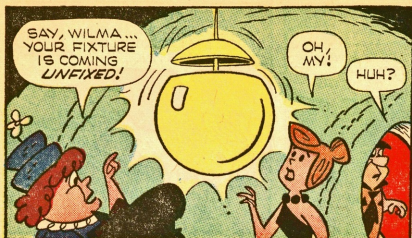
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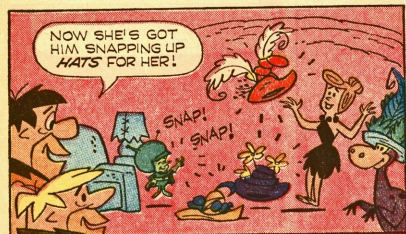
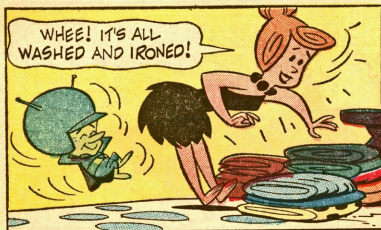


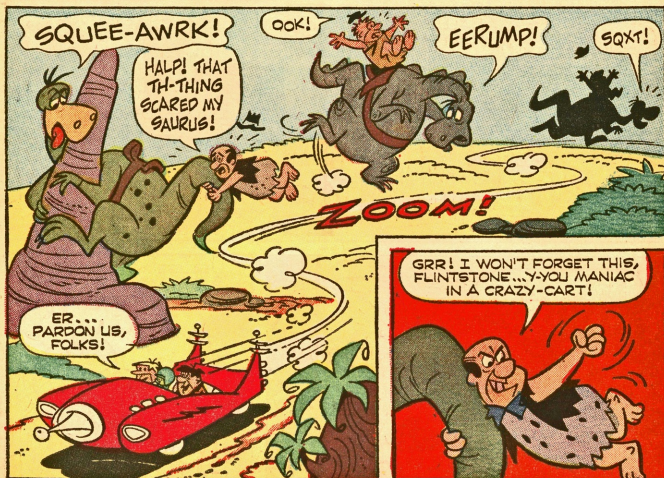
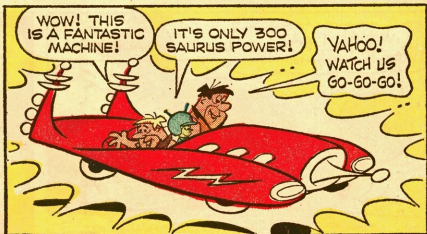
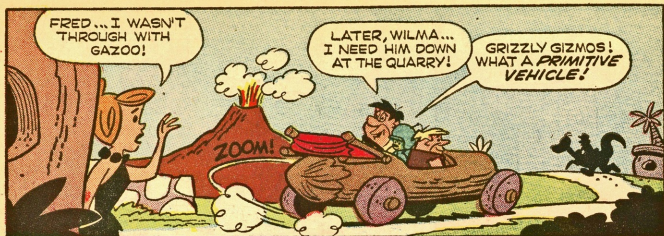




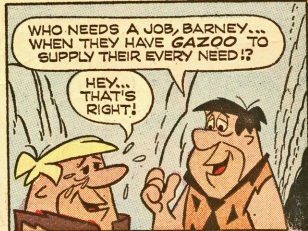
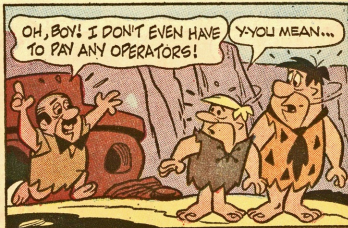
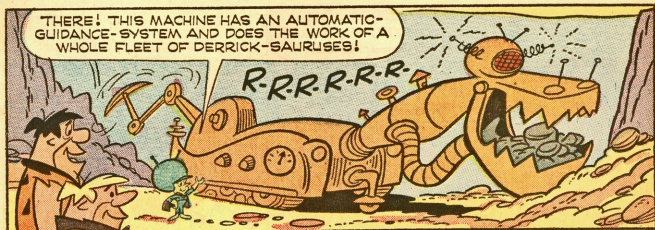
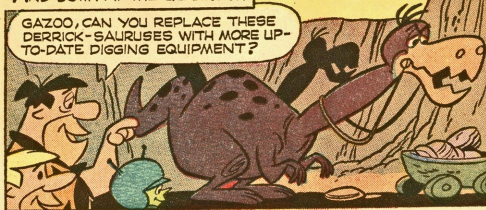




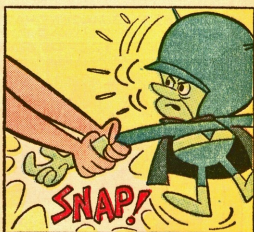
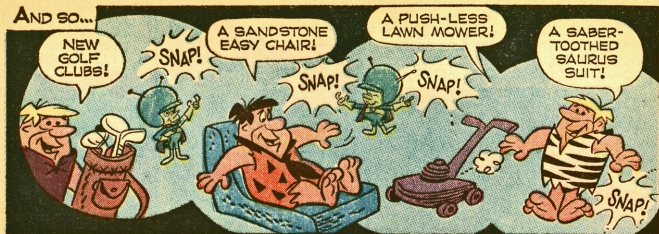


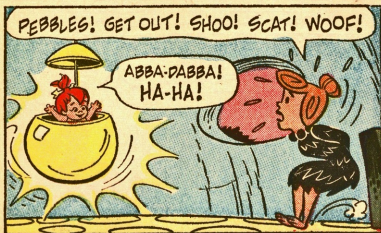
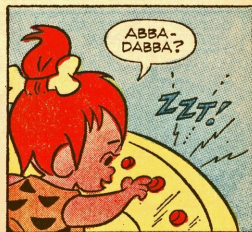
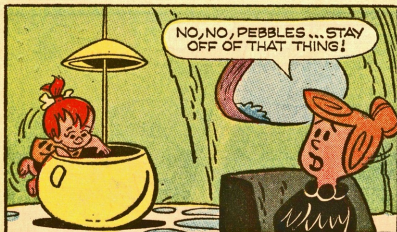
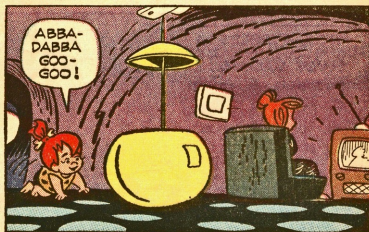
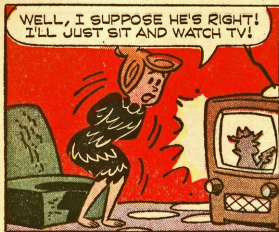


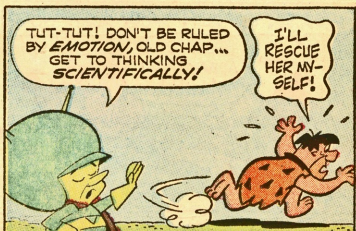
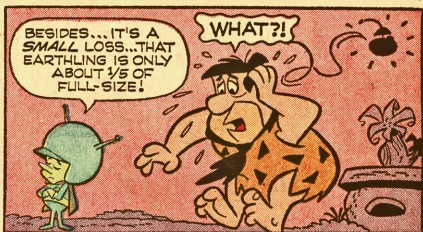
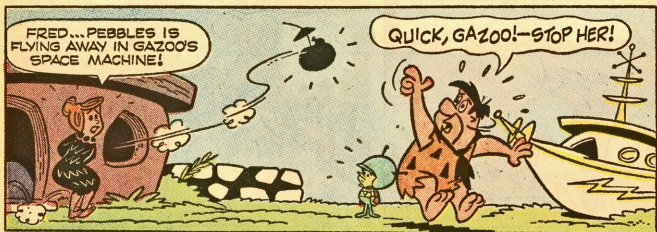
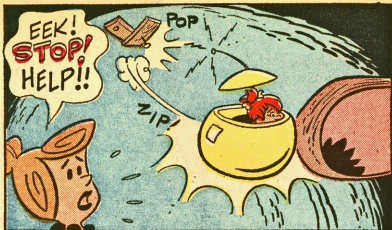
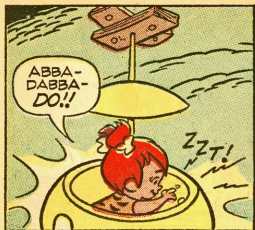
AND DOWN AT THE QUARRY...

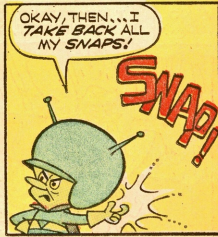
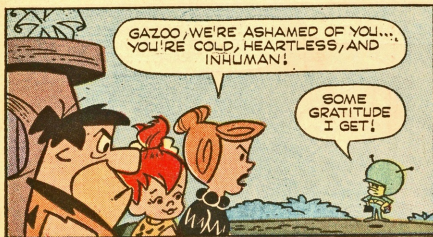
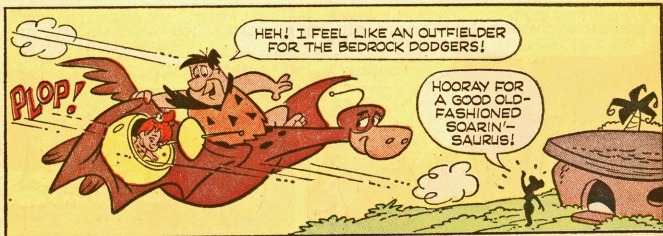
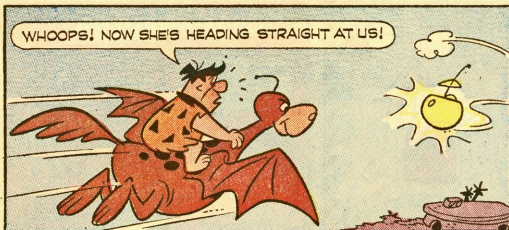
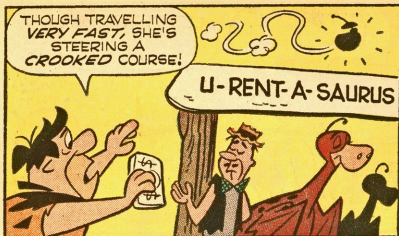


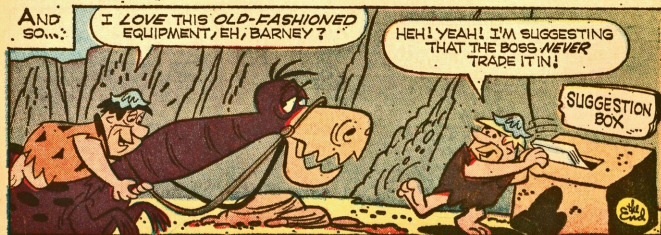
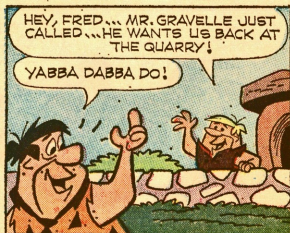
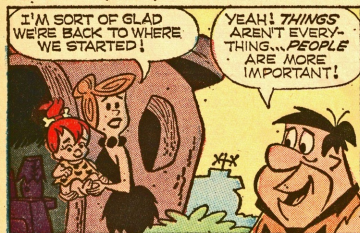
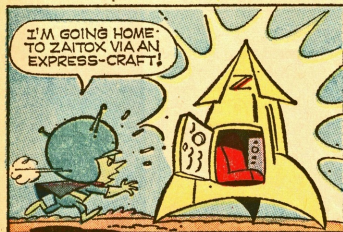
AND SO...













Perry Gunnite had a craving for excitement, but since jobs were scarce, he decided to take care of this craving by eating something, and by eating it right away!

"Hmm, what I crave is something salty," he said to himself. "Something like peanuts. I think I'll go buy some right now!"

So, down he went to the store and bought his peanuts, but they failed to satisfy his craving. "Must be cheap salt they are using," he grumbled.

Then, as he passed a fish market, he saw a sign in the window.

"That's it!" he thought. "Kippered herring will do the job. Nothing is saltier than that! I will buy a pound."

But when Perry tried to buy a pound of the kippered herring, the proprietor answered, "I am sorry, sir, but I only sell it by the barrel. And since this is a special sale, you better buy it fast. Besides, I only have one barrel left."

What could Perry do? He wanted something salty in the worst way, so he decided to buy the whole barrel of kippered herring.

Just as he was about to pay for it, a man burst into the store.

"I want to buy that barrel!" he yelled.

"Wait a minute!" said Perry. "I had dibs on it, and I'm paying for it now!"

"So am I!" snapped the man. "With THIS!"

With that, he whipped out a gun, grabbed the barrel of kippered herring under his arm, and ran out of the store.

"And don't either of you move for five minutes — or else!" was the bandit's final admonition.

Five minutes passed. Perry and the proprietor lowered their arms.

"Well, I guess I can take off after that crook," said Perry grimly.

"How would you pick up his trail?" asked the proprietor. "He could have covered an awful lot of territory in five minutes."

"Easy!" replied Perry. "The trail of kippered herring is very simple to follow! I've got a nose for it!"

In no time, Perry traced the trail to an old building at the edge of town. Sure enough, there was the bandit opening the barrel of herring.

"Hold it!" shouted Perry, as he broke in through the door. "You're under arrest."

Then Perry remembered something rather important. He didn't have a gun — but the bandit did!

"Game's up!" said the bandit.

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Perry, as he threw up his hands. "Why did you go to the trouble of stealing that herring?"

"Name's Cooper, copper!" said the thug. "And this barrel is loaded with smuggled diamonds. So, say your last words!"

"May I have just one herring before you pull the trigger?" pleaded Perry.

"Sure!" said Cooper. "This is your last kipper, copper, and this is the last caper for Cooper. Those diamonds in that barrel will keep me on easy street for life!"

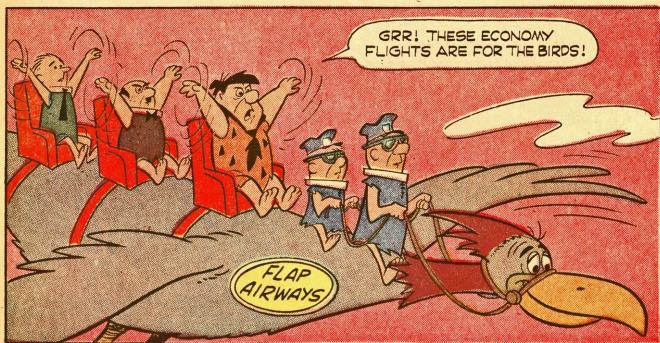
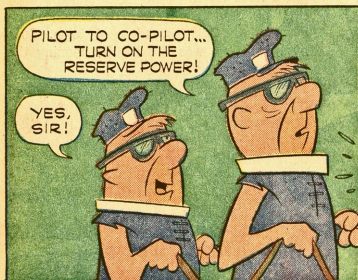
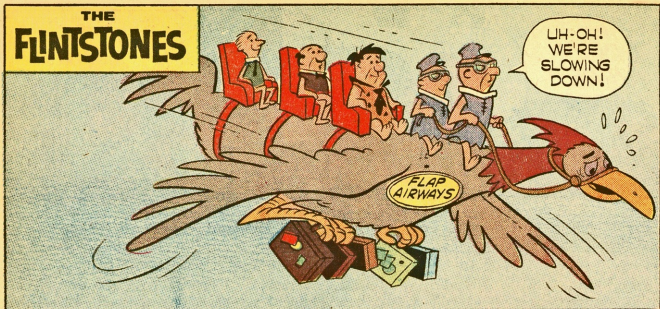
Cooper handed a kipper to Perry, who, in a flash belted the crook across the face and grabbed his gun!

"Here's the capper, Cooper!" Perry said sternly. "You're really under arrest now!"

Later, back at his office, Perry all of a sudden felt that same craving for something salty. He thought for a moment.

"I've had all the excitement I need for one day," he decided. "And I've had all the kippers I want, too. Maybe I'd just better settle for peanuts . . . they'll be salty enough I am sure. Yes, I'm sure of that!"

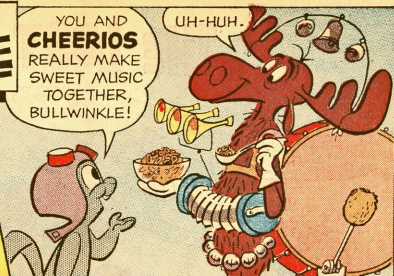
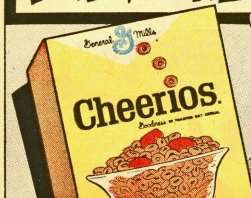
THE FLINTSTONES



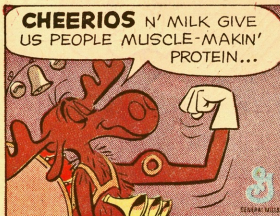
ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

YOU AND
CHEERIOS
REALLY MAKE
SWEET MUSIC
TOGETHER,
BULLWINKLE!

UH-HUH.



CHEERIOS N' MILK GIVE
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'
PROTEIN...

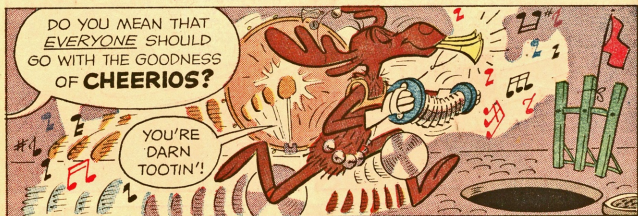


...AND LOTS OF
GO-GO-GO!

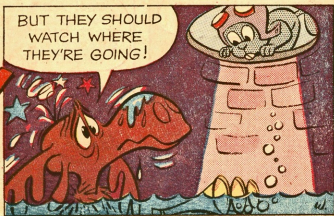


DO YOU MEAN THAT
EVERYONE SHOULD
GO WITH THE GOODNESS
OF **CHEERIOS**?

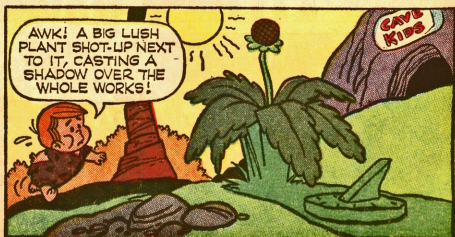
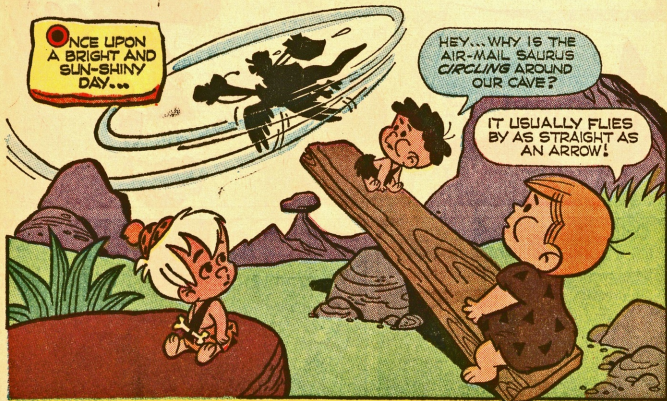
YOU'RE
DARN
TOOTIN'!

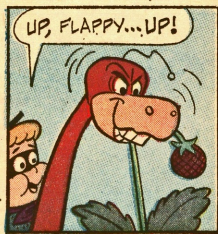
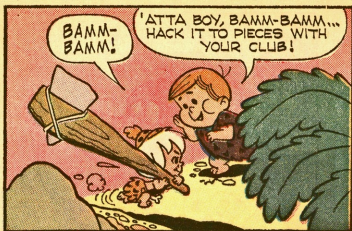


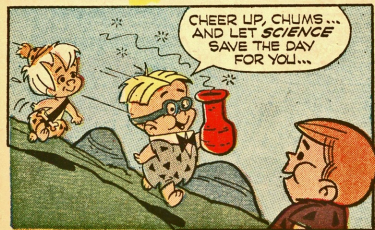
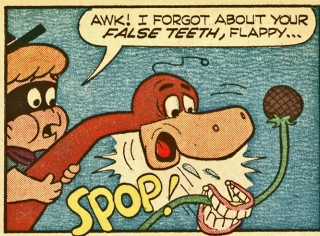
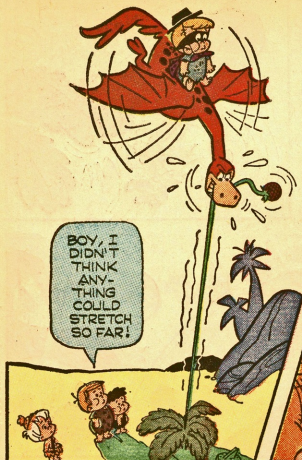
BUT THEY SHOULD
WATCH WHERE
THEY'RE GOING!

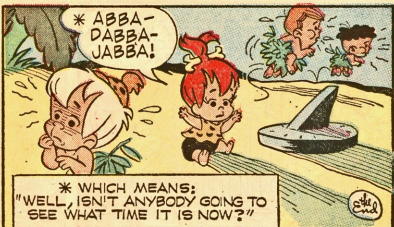
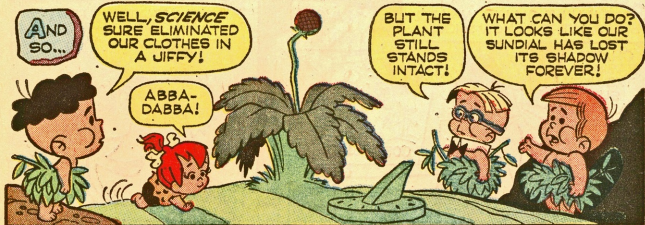
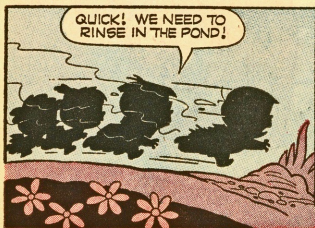
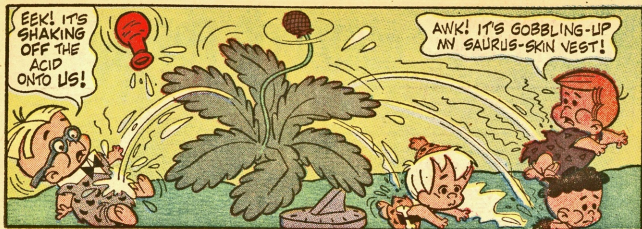


THE LOST SHADOW









Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

MATADOR FOR A DAY

WINTER HAS DRAGGED ON THIS YEAR FOR THE FLINTSTONES...

I WISH SNOW AND SIDEWALKS HAD NEVER BEEN INVENTED!

IT'S SO GLOOMY!
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE SUN FOR DAYS!

CRACK!

AND WHILE ON HIS WAY TO BUY ANOTHER SNOW SHOVEL...

TRAVEL AGENCY

OH, TO BASK IN THE HOT SUN ABOUT NOW!

FLY and SIGH!
to SUNNY COSTA ROCCA

SAY... THAT'S NOT AT ALL IMPOSSIBLE...

AND SO...

WILMA... I'M TAKING MY VACATION NOW! WE'RE GOING TO FLY SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER!

...TO COSTA ROCCA... LAND OF SUNSHINE AND HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHTING!

VIVA THE FLINTSTONES!

AND ONLY A FEW
HOURS LATER...

OH, THE FLIGHT WAS
LOVELY, AND SO IS SUNNY
COSTA ROCCA!

AH-H... FEEL
THAT HOT SUN
BEAT DOWN
ON US!



BUT NEARBY, A DIFFERENT
COMMENTARY ON THE
WEATHER...

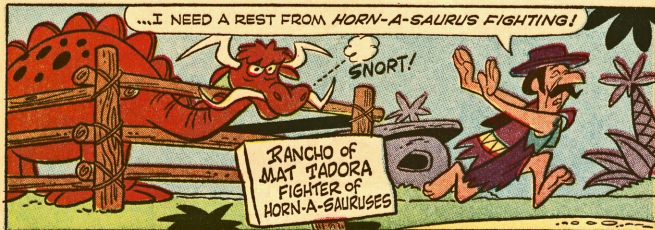
BAH! I AM FED-UP WEETH
THE HOT SUN BEATING DOWN
ON ME!



... AND MY WORK ALSO
GEEVES ME A PAIN...



...I NEED A REST FROM HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHTING!



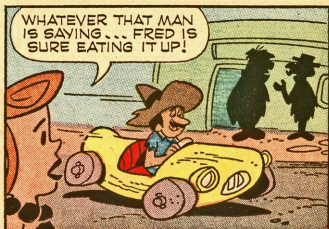
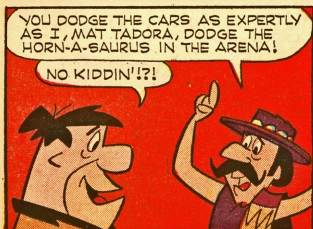
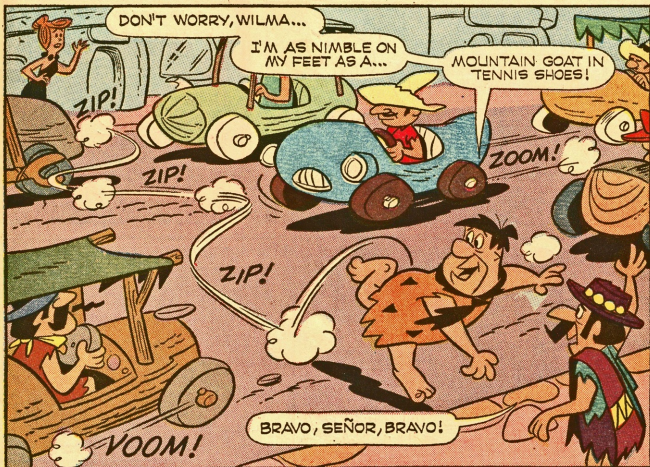
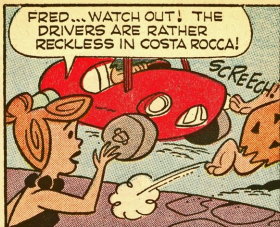
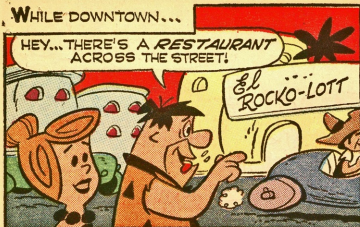
BUT HOW CAN THE BEST HORN-A-
SAURUS FIGHTER EEN ALL OF COSTA
ROCCA TAKE A VACATION?... THERE
EES NO ONE EQUAL TO TAKE MY
PLACE!

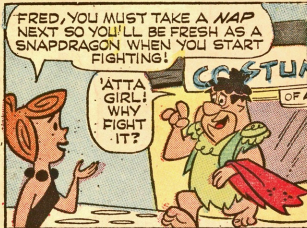
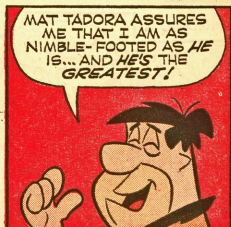
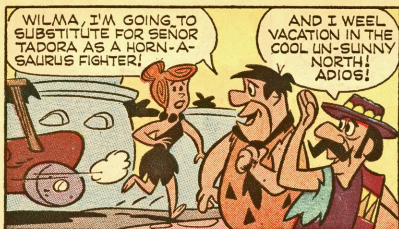


I WEEL GO DOWNTOWN TO
CHECK ONCE MORE WEETH THE
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE!



WHILE DOWNTOWN...

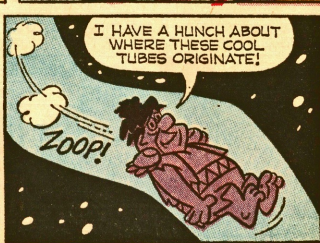
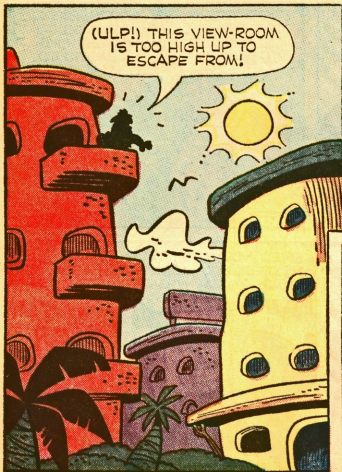
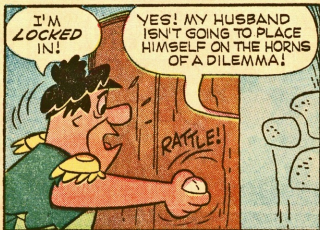




SO, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...



AND SO...



AND SOON...

YEP! A CAVE THAT CATCHES
THE COOL OCEAN WINDS!

COSTA
ROCCA
CITY

AND BACK IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

GOTTA HUSTLE!
I'LL GET TO THE
ARENA JUST
IN TIME!

HALLO, HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHT FANS!
THEES WEEK A VISITING FIGHTER,
SENIOR FLEENTSTONE, IS WEETH US!

THAT'S
WHAT HE
THINKS!

HERE HE EES, DASHING
INTO THE ARENA NOW!

BRAVO!
TA-DA!
TA-DA!

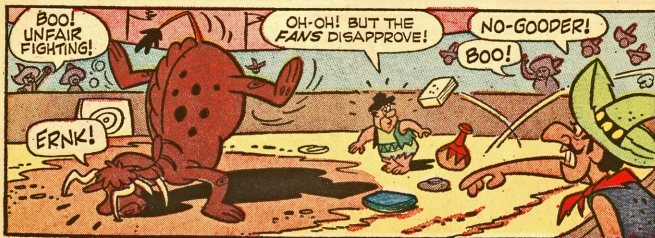
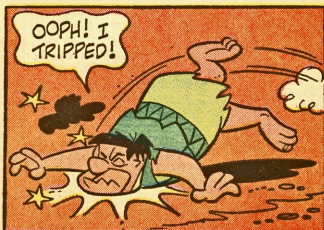
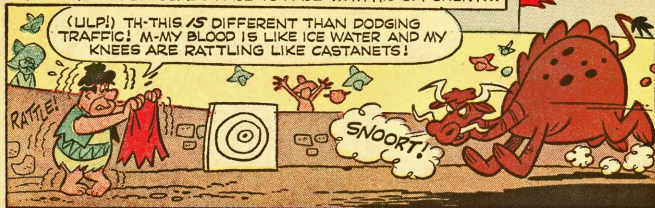
EEEK!
IT'S TRUE!
FRED
FLED!

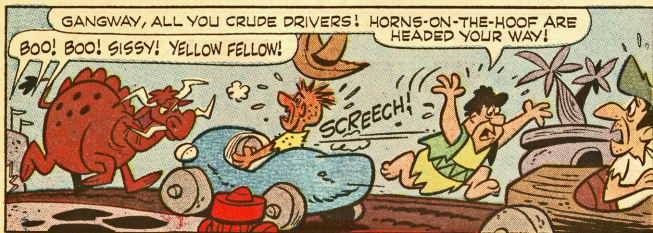
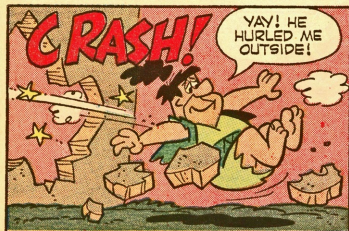
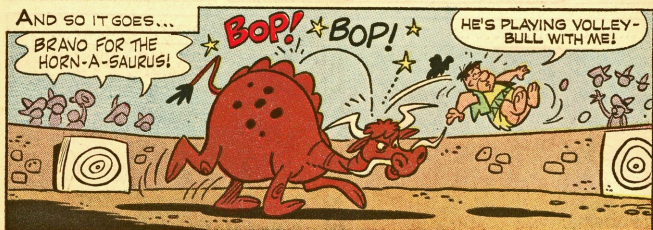
...AND NOW HERE COMES A
VERY HORRIBLE HORN-A-SAURUS
EENTO THE ARENA!

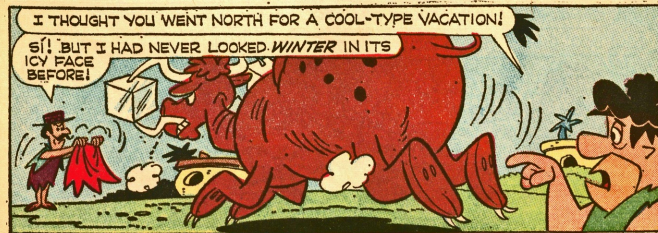
OH, MY
POOR FOOLISH
FRED!

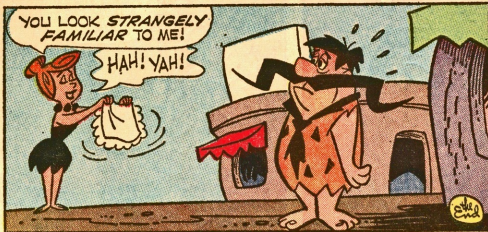
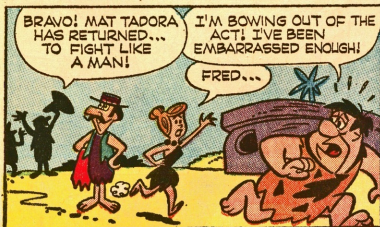
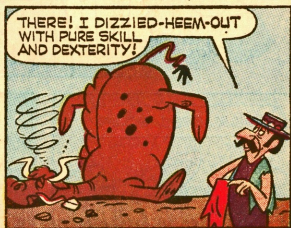
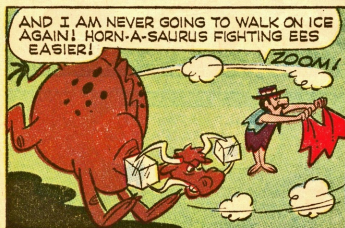
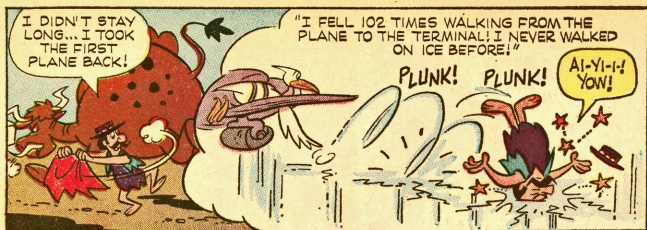
I MUST BE AT HIS SIDE
...PROBABLY HOSPITAL-
BED-SIDE!

AND WHEN FRED COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OPPONENT...

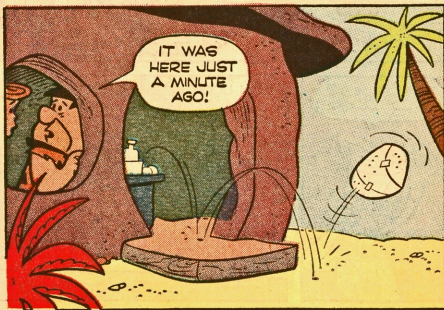
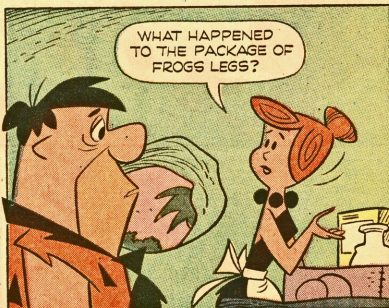
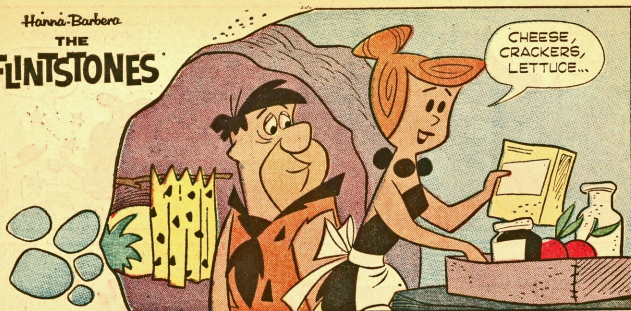








Hanna-Barbara
THE
FLINTSTONES



The Flintstones

GRAB YOUR BOWLING BALL, BARN!

SURE, FRED, BUT WHAT'S THE RUSH?

I JUST HEARD THEY GOT A NEW AUTOMATIC PIN SETTER AT THE BOWLING ALLEY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT!

WOW! HOW ABOUT THAT!

NEAT! REAL NEAT!

The Flintstones

I HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP OUT OF PEBBLES!

SHE MUST BE ASLEEP!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK OUT!

THIS IS ONE TIME SHE WON'T FOLLOW ME TO BAND PRACTICE!